

Important News.

Says the Louisville Journal:—
A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Alabama, the object of which is to prevent the separation of the families of negroes, and to exempt them from legal process. A motion was made to indefinitely postpone the bill, but it was lost by a large majority.

A good, a glorious move! Slaveholders will not be their better betters, or much longer tolerate injustice, by submitting to the terrible moral wrong of separating families, and a cold blooded moral traffic in slaves. Will the Kentucky Legislature, following the Alabama, legalize the marriage of colored persons, and forbid the desertion of home ties? Will churches, in obedience to the word of God, insist upon these matters declare, that no man ought to separate families, and traffic in human flesh for money?

The friends of freedom will be glad to hear again from one of its truest champions. Unchanged in mind and purpose, he is fired by a holy zeal for the good cause, as man ever felt. His reception in Kentucky has been of the warmest character. At Lexington, it was a grand feat. All parties and all classes, joined to meet and greet Cassius M. Clay. The truth is, the people love and respect the man.

Nor let any one suppose that this results from his military services. He had no opportunity to win warrior-fame. It was the spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice—the remembrance of his fight in a hotter battle than war ever witnessed—which made the people hail his return home with so wide and earnest an enthusiasm.

And it is a good omen—this honorable acknowledgment of past injustice, and shaking of hands over past divisions. It shows that the hour is, when men may consider the right, and struggle honestly for it. Let us welcome this change as the dawn of a better day, and labor together to hasten its full and more glorious opening.

For the Examiner.

To the Subscribers of the True American:—
COMBATANTS—The True American has ceased to exist; but it was not in vain that it was established by me, and so liberally sustained by you.

The true friends of the South were not behind their brothers of the free States in feeling the evils of slavery. Not content with inflicting the pain, the Legislature of the State, and the people, in a bold and unflinching manner, have taken the step which has been so long delayed. Here and there at long intervals some one more dared to utter the words which have been so long suppressed. It was but a momentary ripple on a vast sea, whose waters again subsided into more than original stagnation.

In all the South there was not a single press where the rights of colored men could be reasonably allowed. In the year 1845 I ventured single handed into this fearful contest. Holding in mind the examples of those who in all ages had vindicated the liberties of men—I had counted the cost, and was prepared for the catastrophe.

The American people know the result. The God of battles has stood by the right. The liberty of the press for the first time since 1776 established in the South. Not only in my own State, but in the National Capital and every other place, men may fully speak and write upon any subject whatever, being responsible only to the law.

The "Examiner" has succeeded the "True American." My detention in a Mexican prison delayed my return longer than was anticipated. The Editor of the "Examiner" has forestalled my wishes, and is now fulfilling all my obligations to my subscribers by substituting his paper for mine. Those who have seen both papers will not regret the change. I ask for him the continuance of that generous support in that cause which was in me shown dear to so many noble Americans. The first scene in the drama is accomplished: brighter hopes dawn upon Kentucky and the American Republic.

The extraordinary events at home and abroad for the last few years have aroused the consciences and startled the minds of millions. Go read Guizot's History of Civilization, and take courage. Faith in the progress of mankind is no longer the dream of "fanatics."

The spirit of large and liberal enquiry and consequent amelioration is moving all nations. The lead of '76 is being followed in the unwilling wake of Transatlantic despotism in securing the liberties of men. A great destiny awaits America: will yet be free! "God and Liberty!"

C. M. CLAY.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 15th, 1847.

Dr. Ruffner.

We have before us a Southern paper which denounces unapologetically this excellent citizen and good man.

Wherefore this? He has only lifted his voice against an institution which he knows is crushing his native home. He has only as a man, and a minister of God, spoken directly and plainly against slavery because he felt it to be his duty to do so. And shall he be abused, shall any portion of the Press denounce him, because he thus does his duty? They who believe the Southern people will lead a hand, in this way, to stifle freedom of speech, and muzzle the liberty of the Press, know not either their temper or character.

We have no objection to this Press or any other Press opposing Dr. Ruffner. We go for the freest and fullest discussion of slavery and every other subject. We desire, (as Mr. Clay advises), to see on all sides moderation, prudence, and forbearance. But when one whose life is spotless, whose character is as truly lovable because it is so truly good, is harshly and rudely assailed, merely because he chooses to express mildly, but firmly his views, we think it time that good men, of all parties, should unite, to arrest a spirit so intolerant and despicable.

Of one thing Dr. Ruffner's assailants may be assured—that his character, and influence, are unassailable. If they would check the progress of his views, they must learn to consider them in a Christian temper, and to meet him, as he will meet them, say or do what they may, with a Christian liberality.

Emancipation in the West Indies.

It is said often, that the Emancipation Scheme in the West Indies is a failure.

Why is it, if this be so, that slaveholders, who but lately owned large bodies of slaves, are of their own accord, pressing it on? Why, if the negroes become thereby more degraded and thenceforward, do they deliberately seek to increase all manner of social evils around them? Sensible men do not act in this way. Men who look simply to their interests are never guilty of such conduct.

Depend upon it, the assertion is an error. Emancipation is not a failure in the West Indies. The actions of slaveholders prove that it is not.

Movements.

The Southern Planting States are moving, unanimously, against the Wilcox Provision. The Senate of Georgia, without a dissenting voice, passed a series of resolutions in relation to it, of which the following is a specimen:—

Resolved, That it is the duty of every man, in every section of this confederacy, if the Union be true to him, to oppose the passage of any law or resolution of Congress, by which territory acquired, or to be acquired, may be subjected to any restriction against slavery.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this General Assembly, the people of Georgia at the ensuing presidential election should not and will not support any man for this Presidency, who is

President, who favors the principles of the Wilcox Provision.

Resolved, That the ownership of slaves is not only exercising a human, but a constitutional and moral right, and that we allow no power under heaven to dictate the tenure by which we shall be deprived of our property in them.

By and by, the people will understand this action. It does not mean what it purports, and its authors would not do what they threaten.—This, we think, is the true explanation. One party takes decided pro-slavery ground; the other, fearing loss of power, unites with it; and hence, without any real sympathy of feeling between parties in the Planting States, there is, invariably, union of action, on this subject.

Some of the best minds of these States believe—and they are unquestionably right—that it was a fatal move, for Southern interests, in the technical use of this phrase, when the people of the South permitted the pro-slavery agitation. It had its rise in one conviction—(if that had not been felt, it never would have resorted to,) that the Free State would be loyal to the constitution, and that, in no emergency would the "peculiar institution" be assailed by them, or the Federal Government. And this conviction, in one sense, was, and is, correct. The supremacy of the State over slavery, is admitted; the law, no less than public opinion, has put this principle beyond the power of assault. But, unfortunately, as the wise men of the South would say, there can be no agitation of this question which will not weaken, and, in the end, destroy slavery. "Give occasion to defend it," said Judge Gaston, "and its fate is fixed." "Stir it," said one of South Carolina's ablest men, "and no man can doubt what the end will be." None, certainly, should doubt. For there is no such thing as impeding, no possibility, most assuredly, of arresting the progress of free principles, when once set in motion. Georgia may affirm as she pleases; South Carolina may threaten disunion; the whole perpetual claim may proclaim war to the bill; but it will avail nothing. They can neither impart strength to slavery, nor sap the vitality of freedom. The power of free principles is deeper and stronger than any party or sect; or than all parties and sects combined; and it will out—will conquer—despite of the mad opposition of fierce foes, or the heated action of wild and wayward friends.

As for disunion, if the Wilcox Provision should become the law—it is the idiot's gammon, in the world to talk about it. Does South Carolina or Georgia, do any bodies of men in these States, suppose, that the mid-slave States will ever tolerate the idea of disunion, because slavery is not extended into territory now free? Yet this is the proposition, strip of specious disguise, and painted pretence? Cast your eyes, daughter, over the geography of these States, and see for yourself whether such a result is, we will say probable, but possible. Begin with the Old Dominion. The largest and most populous part of it—West Virginia—would this hour, and by a large majority, too, disown slavery, if it had the power to do so, as the hitler of curses! Proceed to Tennessee. The Eastern division, when the convention which formed the constitution met, petitioned that there should be no bondage of man to man, and proposed that, with a kindred people in the mountain region of West North Carolina, they should be permitted to establish a free State, to be called—Frankland! Come to Kentucky. By law, no man can bring slaves into our State, so resolved are our people, that no additions shall be made, by outward means, to our black population! Will these States, can they, under these circumstances, sustain any man, or set of men, or State, seeking to sever our Union, because the extension of slavery is forbidden by law? Never! "No power under heaven" can force or persuade them to do that.

But suppose the mid-slave States, with all the states of the Union, tired of ceaseless assault, and angry warfare, should say to South Carolina,—"What could she do?" What could she do, if she united with her, Georgia, Florida, Alabama? Before two years had passed, supposing these States mad enough to join her, they would be to be restored. In the name of common sense, what is it, that makes slavery secure in these States? What is it which enables slaveholders to hold property in them? Nothing but their connection with the Union! Sever that, let these States, let slaveholders in them, stand by themselves, a fixed mark for the world's scorn, avoided without, weak and powerless within, and "no power under heaven" could make a "tenure" in man valid. It would die out, instantly. They who exercised "ownership of slaves" would be starved into the necessity, if other causes failed to reach them, of making freedom the universal law, contrary to the statute of the estate in that case made and provided. Disunion is no trifling theme. It is an act which when "calculated"—as we hope it will be calculated—is more fraught with woe than any within the range of human action. But of all portions of the Union, by this ultra-pro-slavery section—who who plume themselves on their bearing, and vapor haughtily as to what they will submit to—as to what shall or shall not be done by the Nation.

In proof of this, as some, a slight foretaste of the dread evil, we need but look at the condition of the only State which has agitated this question of disunion, and sought with apparent earnestness to carry it out. Nullification has cost South Carolina millions of dollars! For disunion dogs, she has broken down her cities, and thinned out rapidly, her population! Other causes were operating to produce this result; but these were the chief, or immediate; so that when she dared to threaten disunion in 1862, (for her leaders were never in earnest, as we shall show hereafter,) peace-loving citizens abandoned her by thousands, while enterprising men abroad, refused, by thousands, in consequence, to support her as their home. And such must be the result whenever, or wherever, the people of any State seek to destroy our constitution, to threaten even its dissolution, and especially if they should attempt this, because the National Government, as a Government, shall forbid the extension of slavery into territory now free.

The Georgia Senate's fourth resolve means nothing, or it means, that the slaveholder, in exercising ownership over slaves, may defy any law, and ride down any constitution. The ownership in Georgia, legally, is not questioned. The State, and the State only, can sanction or disturb that. But this fact in itself, seems to prove, that slavery cannot exist, or be introduced into territory now free—for the bare admission that it could, would go far, not only to subvert all State rights, but to give the National Government direct control over the institution. We of the South cannot blow hot and cold. We cannot say, as under the law we have the right to do, that the State is superior over slavery, and, at the same time, that we may carry it where we please. If we affirm the latter, Congress, or rather, will affirm its right over slavery; and that, too, through our own admission and action. But what is the language of the law? What is the settled doctrine? It is this: "That slavery being a local and municipal institution, incapable of being established, or continued without the sanction of positive law, and the Government of the United States being incompetent, for want of constitutional power, to make any law establishing or sanctioning the system, it follows that slavery cannot constitutionally be introduced into any territory of the United States, where it

does not exist at the time of acquisition, either by the Government directly, or by the Territorial Legislature."

The Constitution of the land recognizes slaves only as persons. The Supreme Court of the United States says:—

"The character of property is given them (slaves) by the local law." See Peter's Reports, 15, vol. 507. No. 2, Law Journal 67, 1 Peter's 542.

"The Constitution acts upon slaves as persons, not as property."

"The Constitution treats of slaves as persons. The views of Mr. Madison, who thought it wrong to admit in the constitution the idea, 'that there could be property in men,' seems to have been carried out in that most important instrument."

"The constitution acts upon a State, not upon a territory."

So far as we understand them, Chief Justices MARSHALL, JUSTICE STROUD, and ALL the Judges, affirm these doctrines. If so, Congress has no more power to create slavery in free territory than it has, as Mr. Adams said, to create a King, and this, evidently, is HENRY CLAY'S opinion; for in the creed which he gave at Raleigh, he declared,

"1. That Congress has no power or authority over the subject of slavery."

"2. That the existence, maintenance and continuance of the institution depends exclusively upon the power and authority of the respective States in which it is situated."

This, then, is the true doctrine, and if an attempt be made, any where, or by any party, to subvert the fundamental law—to sever the Union—merely because a few slaveholders cannot establish slavery where they please—the party or parties so acting will find that the mid-slave States will rally at once and manfully, around the law and the constitution, and help master the madness which would seek to crush them, to crush them, to crush them, in defence of every principle and sentiment on which the National Government is based, and for which our fathers realized and overcame a tyranny that sought to degrade them with ignoble fetters.

Correction.

In the article on the school fund, last week, the Rev. C. S. STOW, was named C. F. HOWE, and Gov. BRAS called Bibb, &c.

Reports, &c.

We gave a synopsis of the Secretary of War's last week. We furnish this, a synopsis of the reports of the Treasury, Secretary of Navy, Post Master General, &c., &c.

Chief Justice Spencer and Chancellor Kent.

Two good men are fallen! In ripe years, Chief Justice SPENCER and Chancellor KENT are gathered with their fathers! Not for them may we mourn; for they had lived their full allotted time; but for our country which needs now, if ever it did need, the best counsels of its best men. These two great men have done real service! They "sawed for duty, not for meed;" and long will they be remembered as among the choicest spirits of our age. Happy would they feel if their example should raise up worthier men to fill their places!

Chicago.

How old is this city? He is still a young man who can say he knew it not, as such, in his school boy days. Well, look not at the estimate of its imports from the 15th April to the 15th November, 1847:

Mercandise,	\$2,350,000
Miscellaneous articles,	175,000
Lumber, &c.,	160,000
Total,	\$2,685,000

The exports, during the above time, were \$2,325,000.

The following table will show the exports of bread-stuffs during the last two years:—

1846.	1847.	Dec.
Flour, bbls.	29,945	30,688
Wheat, bu.	1,459,395	1,685,639
Corn,	10,947	45,144
Oats,	52,113	10,438

As an illustration of the rapid growth of the trade of Chicago, the Chicago Journal notes the fact that it was only in 1839 that its export trade commenced, and consisted of a load of wheat and 700 barrels of flour. The latter was brought back for want of a market. In 1842 the exports were 566,907 bushels of wheat and 2,920 bbls. of flour.

What will not free labor accomplish! Only think of it, in 1839, Chicago's export trade consisted of one load of wheat and of 700 bbls. of flour! Now it supports a fleet of vessels, and sends its hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat! Labor is free; the laborer independent; and the mighty winds of the North-West become great and wealthy, while slave culture, and the degradation of human toil, in consequence, makes us poorer and poorer.

Remembered.

We notice in the English papers, an account of the celebration of the 53d anniversary of the acquittal of Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, and John Thelwall, on Friday the 5th of November. This acquittal was a triumph of a jury over despotism. The sturdy men who tried these reformers "long ago" could not be seduced by flattery, or overawed by power.

It was, in 1794, we believe, that Tooke, and his companions, were accused of High Treason, and, in the worst of times, these twelve honest Jurors stood by the law of liberty. Where are the prosecutors and law officers of the Crown who sought to have them convicted? Condemned as base traitors on the very spot on which they stood, they were the poor and unfriended, while they stood in the felon's stand, and their able and gratuitous counsel, ENGLISH and GREEK, and the twelve noble Jurors, are honored and toasted as the champions and defenders of freedom. What a lesson to tyrants and tyranny, little or large! What an example to brave spirits acting in a narrow or wide sphere of influence! Happy the man—blessed be he, here and hereafter, whether known or unknown, whose life has been consistently devoted to the good of his race!

Home Department.

We are glad to find that this subject is agitated. We need a Home Department, or Secretary for Home Commerce at Washington. The proposition is opposed by Mr. RUFFIN, and other South Carolina members; but this need not deter Congress from establishing it. Our internal commerce is more important than our foreign commerce, and we should know what it is, where and how it is increasing or decreasing, the relative positions of different States, cities, &c., and this we can never learn officially and accurately until we have a Home Department. This Department by a thorough system would show, in detail, the extent of our home, or internal trade. The West is especially interested in this matter, and its representatives ought to press it earnestly. Mr. Vinton has made a move on this subject which cannot fail to bring it up. See proceedings of Congress.

Young England.

Under the head of news, a London paper states that Dr. J. S. MILL, and all "Young England," would be on the liberal side of the question (relative to the emancipation of the Jews) even to the separation of Church and State.

Co-operation.

Looking over a London paper we were struck with the number of notices of co-operative societies. In the column, we counted some seven. Co-operation seems now to be a great moving principle in Great Britain, and is being applied to every thing.

An Item.

And worth remembering, too! South Carolina sends us, we have other Southern States, for the inspection of vessels trading with New York, &c. It was a retaliatory measure. That is, the Governor of New York refused to deliver up some one charged with kidnaping, and therefore the legislature determined to punish the Empire State.

Well—the law has been executed! And who is hurt? The Palmetto State alone! New York can ship to other ports and trade with other States, than Charleston, and South Carolina. And the merchants feel it—the city and State feel it—and petitions are sent to the legislature to repeal the law!

The political legislation of South Carolina has half ruined that State, and this the people there will find out too late.

"Go Ahead!"

When right, of course! There should be, then, no stop—no hesitation—no anxiety. We understand this philosophy in trade, politics, war. Nothing deters our men in these matters. Americans brave any risks; encounter any opposition; meet any odds—and they do all this, too, as if there could be neither failure nor defeat. But in moral actions, they do not manifest the same daring or action. They trim, hesitate, compromise, qualify. If they had, or would show, the same qualities in moral matters, they would be the world's master-spirits, and heaven's truest workers on earth.

No matter. The right leaves is among us. The times are auspicious for its diffusion. Our very foes are working for us, and if we work rightly for ourselves, we cannot fail. Let us, then, go ahead. George A. Light has hit the true idea, and put it in stirring verse. Read it, and then let your boys, and girls memorize it for neither they nor we can have too much of this spirit.

Never doubt a righteous cause;
Go ahead!
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscience shaping all your laws
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead!

Do not ask who'll go with you;
Go ahead!
Numbers spare the coward's plea!
If there be but one or two,
Single handed though it be,
Go ahead!

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead!
Scale them! Certainly you can:
Let them proudly dare the skies;
What are mountains to a man?
Go ahead!

Though fierce waters round you dash;
Go ahead!
Let no hardship baffle you:
Through the heaviest roar and dash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead!

Strange Views:

Gov. Smith, of Va., says:—
"I venture the opinion that a larger emigration of our white laborers is produced by our free negroes than by the institution of slavery."

The opinion is unqualifiedly incorrect. Why, white poor laborers, whose not a free negro exists, emigrate to get rid of slavery. Of all this class we have met, from the whole South, we have yet to hear one assign this reason for his removal.

It has no existence in fact, and he who takes the trouble to compare their numbers, with whites or slaves, will know that it has not. It is not an absurdity, palpable on its face, to say that 50,000 free blacks in Virginia produce a larger emigration of free laborers, than 448,000 slaves! The very supposition is ridiculous. The Governor adds:

Again, they perform a thousand little menial services to the exclusion of the white man, preferred by their employers, because of the authority and control which they can exercise, and frequently because of the ease and facility with which they can remunerate such services.

He must have a high idea of the white laboring classes of the South! He would have them do the "thousand little menial services" which free negroes perform. For this reason he would tyrannically force the free blacks away! What they want, and all they want, is the benefit and blessing of free labor. Let Gov. Smith and all others help to remove every cause which degrades labor, and then will they do justice to all. This is the way to look the evil "boldly" in the face. This would be manifesting the benevolence, which, in the old times, characterized the spirit, and marked the conduct, of the Governors and people of Virginia.

And thus will the Old Dominion act, when she has resolved upon action, in this great and perplexing question of slavery. She will never need suggestions nor sustain measures which would tend to her ruin with cruelty, and blunder her conduct with crime.

Slave Trade.

All accounts agree, that there is great increase of activity in the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa. The demand from Cuba and Brazil is the cause of it. Can no measures be adopted to stop this traffic? Might not the civilized nations unite to stop it? We wish the public opinion of the civilized world would sternly demand this union. Once entered into, with a right spirit, the dreadful traffic must cease.

The Flood—Sanitary Laws.

It were vain almost to give, in detail, the losses and incidents of the late flood in the mid-west.

Many of the streams have been higher than in the great overflow in 1832—almost nearly as high. The destruction on the water courses is very great; mills, crops, cattle, and houses have been injured or swept away. In the cities and towns great damage has been done; some of them, as for instance Lawrenceburg, will not recover from the effects for years.

As yet, we have heard of no loss of life. Suffering, great suffering, exists, all along the river; but it has called out the good qualities of the people, and proved that the men and women of the West are as generous as they are active and intelligent. In the cities and towns relief societies, and neighborhood benevolence, have met the occasion with ready hands, and open purses, showing that there is only needed among us, co-operative organization to lighten the life of poverty, and ward off the more terrible evils of pauperism.

The immediate results of the flood to the property of the country, though deeply to be deplored, will not be long felt. There is too much energy among us to repine at losses, or slacken effort because of heavier misfortune. Work, honest, steady work, will repair both, and make us harder and happier for the quickened toll which necessity may demand.

But there may be, especially in our cities, more of suffering, when the waters retire into their usual channels, among those of limited means, as well as the very poor, and the danger, that benevolence, so kindly excited while suffering stared it in the face will not be so quick to discover this suffering, as business as usual it would habits, and every thing seems to us to look. Let us guard against this! The fields are white with snow; winter is upon us with chill air, and biting severity. Hundreds upon hundreds have been forced from their homes by the water; hundreds upon hundreds have been thrown out of employment by it; and it will require days, if not weeks, to enable them to get into their homes, and be at regular work. Little time many will need, nay, require a little aid and better yet a true warm-hearted sympathy. Instead, then, of lessening our re-

lief efforts, let us with closer co-operation hasten up every case of want, and know that all has been done which could well be done to supply the needy, cheer the desponding, and stimulate the well-disposed.

The giving of money is the lowest form of charity. It is very necessary often; sometimes indispensable; but a look of the right kind, a word in the right tone, that sympathy which makes a man feel that we come to him, not as a sinner or superior, but as a brother before God, and an equal among men, is worth more to him, and lifts up all the piles of gold which could be heaped before him. Are there laboring men who are suffering? Approach them, not with dollars in hand, but with words of kindness on our lips, saying, "we have found employment for you, where you can earn your bread," and they will leap into it with joy, and hail us as their true friends. Do you know poor women who are in distress? Come to them, not as charity-dispensers, but with propositions to engage in work which will pay them well, and yield them and their support, an independence, and they will joyfully embrace the opportunity and bless us as the pure and good call to those whom they think of, and love, their deliverers. This is the spirit in which we should do good. In this way, and in this way alone, should we be known by the poor and needy, and felt by the community. And if this were the common spirit—if this were our habitual way—think you, friend, there could ever be extended suffering, or even partial want, felt by classes or individuals among us? A co-operative action based on this benevolence would go far—very far—to banish poverty from among us, and relieve the virtuous poor from evils, which, through neglect on the part of society, and a false pride on theirs, so often and so bitterly oppress them.

We would wish, too, that our cities were so far advanced, as to understand the operation of wise Sanitary laws, and the necessity of enforcing them. Suppose, by way of example, two hundred families ejected from their houses, by the flood. They return to them, when it subsides, and clean them up. But there is a sediment left, which makes the walls damp, and creates a bad air producing sickness. Suppose in consequence that out of these families—which at five to the family would number one thousand, and five were taken sick, so as to be disabled from work, and that twenty or thirty of them should die. The loss of life would be the severest loss; the sickness the next. But, as these higher views, do not control, consider the loss, the pecuniary loss, to the city, by persons dying or being sick, the cost arising from death and sickness, &c. A day's loss of work by a laborer is a loss to the community as well as to himself. It is day's work, and by laborers, too, that constitutes the wealth of city or State, and as they diminish, so will that wealth decrease. And yet one hundred dollars would buy time, and disinfecting agents, and employ men enough to use them, in purifying and cleansing thoroughly, all the houses which we suppose to be thus flooded and filled or infected with impure air, and so prevent death, sickness and suffering.

This, in other words, is our idea. The Sanitary laws wisely planned and executed, will, not only save an immense sum annually to cities, but diminish full three quarters of the suffering, sickness, and death, which usually prevail. They would, too, by degree teach people in the country how to live.

Are not these great considerations? Could cities have greater motives to move them to action? We hope wiser heads than ours, and those more familiar with the subject, will turn their attention to Sanitary laws, and enlighten the community as to their necessity and virtue. Were they understood, all classes would demand them, both on the score of a wise humanity, and economy.

Comany of New Orleans.

What is the matter? New Orleans is put down now at 79,998. This is a falling off of 16,000 since last year, and a diminution of 23,000 since 1840. The Delta cyphers this into mistake. Kents, it says, are rising, new buildings have gone up; the return may be untrue. "Whereas" All this may be, but certain quarters of the city, and yet the result will be true. We don't wish it otherwise, we desire, indeed, the fullest prosperity for New Orleans; but causes are in operation which cannot be controlled, that must lessen its population.

Gov. Smith, of Virginia.

This gentleman takes strong ground against the Wilcox Provision doctrine, regarding the new territory proposed to be taken from Mexico by way of indemnity, as a natural outlet for the superabundant slave population of Virginia and the other States of the South. He says:

"It is unquestionably true, that if our slaves were to be restricted to their present limits, they would greatly diminish in value, and thus seriously impair the fortunes of the owners; but at the same time, humanity must mourn the diminution of those comforts and that regard for the health of the slave, which has characterized slavery in the South, and made it the most cheerful and happy menial labor to be found in the world. It is well known, that as the profits of laboring diminish, so do the comforts. Many melancholy examples of this truth are to be found in the histories of the old world; and when the negro population multiplies in number and sinks in value, whatever may be the humanity of the master, necessity will compel him to restrict the comforts of the slave, and reduce them to the smallest pittance upon which it is possible to live."

"The South never can consent to be confined to prescribed limits. She wants and must have space, if consistent with honor and propriety. It is due to the happiness and interests of her population, and to no portion of it more than to the slave himself. Confine her to prescribed limits, and she will soon be a free man, and forbid it to the slave, and the consequence is obvious. Her slaves will rapidly accumulate; the white man must emigrate; and finally, the slave will become the owner of the slave-holding States."

We protest against this view. We protest against it in the name of the South, and in the name of humanity. What are Southern men, slaveholders to be held as forever calculating what slavery costs, without regard to justice, right, law, religion? To limit slavery would be to impair the fortunes of their owners? And, therefore, slavery must be continued, slavery must be extended? This is the argument. This is Gov. Smith's great logical basis.

For money, for the sake of the fortunes of a small class of men, free territory is to be burned with slavery! We do not know how the old Carolina planters, now, would regard this statement; but in other days, they would have spurned it from them as alike coarse and base. It cannot be true. We know that slaveholders do not maintain so cold-blooded a view as this. They may, and will, in large sections of the South, to possess territory to which they may send slaves, either to get rid of the institution, or for their own safety; but we have yet to meet any number among them so cold or so mean, so entirely regardless of human right or human feeling, as to so, or to indicate, that dollars and cents entered into their plans and controlled their calculations. The honor of discovery belongs to Gov. Smith. Few, we think, will desire to share with him in the present or future, the glory of its paternity.

We protest, also, against the cloak with which the Governor has endeavored to wrap around his battling, so as to give it a decent appearance. "But at the same time," as he felt it necessary to make excuse "humanity must mourn." For what? Why, for the destitution of the poor slave in consequence of having

slavery limited? What a mockery! What a miserable and shabby underling! When, or where, has this result been produced? When, or where, have the comforts of the slave been diminished, or his health impaired, as the profits of his labor diminished? Every old slaveholder State has had the institution. For years before the slave was emancipated in the New England States, in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, their labor was unprofitable. But whoever heard—whoever pretended—that they suffered in consequence of it, or that masters neglected to give them those comforts to which they were entitled? Even now their labor is unproductive and sadly expensive in West Virginia and in nearly all Kentucky. Yet where—in what portion of either—would public opinion tolerate cruelty, or the denial to them of any just claim, on the part of owners? The argument is untrue, as regards the facts of the case. It is utterly untrue as regards every claim of humanity. For grant it, and you may sustain any wrong, and practice any injustice. What could the serf of Russia say to his master, if Gov. Smith's views were to prevail? How could the struggling freeman make good his resistance to tyranny anywhere? Why, despotism, and monarchs, and aristocrats need only, to subvert or sear, "our fortunes would be impaired if we give you freedom; your comforts will be diminished if we do not extend slavery; for our pecuniary benefit, and your physical good, we must keep you forever in bondage, and extend slavery wherever we can." Verily, the doctrine of the divine right of Kings has found a new advocate in a Governor of Virginia. Despotism could ask, certainly, for no better theory. The Czar of Russia, under it, could subjugate the world, if he were able, and hold it obedient to his nod and beck, with utter impunity.

In this same spirit, Gov. Smith recommends the forcible removal of all the free negroes in Virginia by counties. He urged this last year, and the Legislature treated it with utter contempt. The Richmond Whig says it will meet the same fate this session. It ought. No crueler

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Give me thy blessing, mother.

BY GUYA.

Give me thy blessing, mother,
For I must now away;
To meet my bonnie Agnes mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've loved her long and well, mither,
And then my love has known;
Then lay thy hand upon me, mither,
And bless thy kneeling son.

"Ah! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek.
And oh! how memory calls up now
The days of old lang syne,
When I a winsome bride first called
Thy sainted father mine."

"Ye took me like him, Willie dear,
Ye took me like him now;
Ye have the same dark, tender eyes,
The same broad nose and brow.
And since a smile was on his face
When he that morning came,
To bring me, as ye mither do,
A lassie to his name."

"But child, her heart is beating now,
As it never beat before;
For I have seen her face
When she was young and free,
And I have seen her face
When she was old and true,
And I have seen her face
When she was old and true."

"I will remember, too, the hour
When, with a heavy sigh,
I turned, a wife and young and sad,
To bid him a good bye.
The tears were gushing then, I know,
For I loved my kindred well,
And though my sin was by my side,
I could not help but feel."

"But then, how kind he took my hand,
And gently whispered—Come,
The same soft smile shone on his face
That shone above thy home.
And, Willie, that distant star,
I've watched, since that he died,
And thought I saw his gentle face
Smile in it from afar."

"We loved it like that well, Willie,
We loved it like that well;
We loved it like that well, Willie,
We loved it like that well;
We loved it like that well, Willie,
We loved it like that well;
We loved it like that well, Willie,
We loved it like that well."

"Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,
She is as young and fair;
She has not known a single cloud,
Or felt a single care.
Then, if you could, would that she should come
To stay with us to-day,
Oh! ever stand (thou art a man)
Between her and the blast."

"When first I knew a mither's pride,
'Twas when I gazed on thee,
And when thy father's face I saw,
Thy smile was left to me.
And I can scarce believe it true,
So late thy life began,
The playful bairn I fondled then
Stands by me now a man."

"Then tell thy bonnie bride, Willie,
She has my first-born son;
I ask the darling from my arms,
And give him to her own.
Oh! she will cherish thee, Willie;
For when I manly depart,
She, only she, will be left
To fill thy lonely heart."

"I'dna dare to die, Willie—
I never wished to gang;
The soft green mound in yon kirkyard
Has lately been too long.
And I would lay me there, Willie,
And I would lay me there,< Willie,
Beside the heart that's true and true,
If 'tis within the grave."

"Then gang awa', my blessed bairn,
And bring thy gentle dove,
And danna frown if a' should greet
To part with her they love.
But if a' tear fills up thine eyes,
Then whisper, as they dart,
'There's room for thee at mither's hearth,
There's room in mither's heart."

"And may the God that reigns above,
And see ye a' the while,
Look down upon your plighted troth,
And bless ye in the while.
And mayst thou ne'er forget, Willie,
In a' thy future life,
To serve the Power that gave to thee
Thy kind and gentle life."

From Chambers' Journal.

Ireland Sixty Years Ago.

The long protracted misery of Ireland—its apparently ceaseless exposure to party dissensions—its seeming inability to help itself—all this and much more leads to the common conviction on this side of the Channel, that the country is irreclaimable, doomed forever to suffering and degradation. We cannot fall in with that opinion. The miseries of Ireland are a consequence, in the first instance, of English conquest and mismanagement. The people have not been allowed to manage themselves, so as to bring out the qualities of self-dependence and foresight. Always treated as incapables, incapables they remain. Ireland is nevertheless improving. The meliorations in law and government during the last few years have had a marked effect; the mere influence of imitation, as respects social usages, has rendered Irish society a very different thing from what it was at the middle of the eighteenth century. With not a little to complain of, Ireland will doubtless go on improving; and yet such is the force of traditional character, that long after many unpleasant features are gone, it will still be looked upon as a country of lawless turbulence, frolicsome folly, and confusion.

Whatever be its future fate, it is pleasant in the meantime to know that Ireland is substantially improving, at least as regards education and social order. Strangers, with heads filled with stories of Irish rows, are usually a good deal surprised to find that Dublin is a quiet respectable-looking town, with people going about in as decorous a manner as they do in London or Edinburgh. Instead of Irishmen leaping and yelling with a cudgel in one hand and a bottle in the other, as they are still made to do on the stage, we see a peaceful community minding its business, and only a scatter of beggars to bring to our recollection that the rural affairs of the country are still in a state of discreditable mismanagement.

The best way to convince the sceptical of the distinct advances made by Ireland, is to compare its present state of manners with what unhappily distinguished it two or three generations ago. Means for making this comparison have just been afforded by an Irish writer in a small work lying before us. "Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago," as this production is designated, affords a curious insight into the whole social fabric of last century—the fights, abductions, robberies, frolics, gambling, and drunkenness for which the country yet traditionally suffers. Though lamentable in many of its details, the volume will be perused with much interest, and will afford no small degree of amusement.

The author commences with an account of the fights that used to take place in the streets of Dublin in past times, greatly to the disgrace, as we think, of the government for the time being. Here is a specimen: "Among the lower orders a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between the Liberty Boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond Boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market, on Ormond Quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many

now living that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of these parties. The weavers, descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas street, were opposed by the butchers, and the contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island Bridge. The shops were closed, all business suspended, the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses, and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged were stopped, while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and re-taken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of these factions. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick and stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex Bridge, when he has been informed that one of those battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. At one time the Ormond Boys drove those of the Liberty up to Thomas street, where, rallying, they repulsed their assailants, and drove them back as far as the Broad Stone, while the bridges and quays were strewn with the maimed and wounded. On May 11, 1790, one of these frightful riots raged for an entire Saturday on Ormond Quay, the contending parties struggling for the mastery of the bridge; but, notwithstanding the contest, before the victory was decided, the battle was renewed on the Monday following. It was reported of Alderman Emerson, when lord mayor, on one of those occasions, that he declined to interfere when applied to, asserting that "it was as much as his life was worth to go among them." These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives, not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society—to knock or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion after a defeat of the Ormond Boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and revolting. They dragged the persons they seized to their market, and dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the meat by the jaws, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls. The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate, or even be seen, with a singular merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of the butchers and coal-porters."

In some respects the gentry exceeded the humbler orders in a taste for outrage. The most disorderly individuals were a class of "gentlemen" called Bucks, who seemed to be above all considerations of law or decency. "It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or 'pink' the person with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to 'Bucks' going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair being elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber from a dinner, supper party, or exclusion from a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate friend disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency. There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called 'Lucan's,' where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence." An account follows of the 'acking' of a tavern by a party of Bucks, one of whom was a lord, two were colonels in the army, and the others were officers of rank in the service of the Duke of Rutland, then lord-lieutenant. "The latter interested himself on their behalf; and such was the influence of their rank, that the matter was hushed up, and the gentlemen engaged in this atrocious outrage, though all well known, escaped unpunished."

Duelling also was universal. Between 1780 and 1800, three hundred duels were fought; and counties became distinguished for dexterity in using certain weapons—Galley for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo, for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both. "Duelling clubs were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was ballotted for, he must sign a solemn declaration that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with an antagonist. Barristers used to retire to fight when they seriously differed in argument, and judges were equally ready to step down from the bench to have a round with persons with whom they differed. An anecdote is given of a famous duellist, who always rang the bell by firing a bullet against the bell-handle. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol-bullet at so many paces' distance. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols."

Abduction, or the carrying away and marrying young heiresses against their will, was a common outrage against which the law long thundered in vain. "An association was formed in the south of Ireland, which could not have existed in any other country. This association was 'an abduction club,' the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent

of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediately measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and opulent farmers, as well as the gentry, were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life. The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland called 'acquirets.' They were the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorn to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assemblies, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leathern breeches, and top-boots, riding 'a bit of blood' lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections." One of the most distressing cases of abduction by this class of men was one perpetrated in 1779, on two very young ladies, Catharine and Anne Kennedy. These unfortunate girls were stolen away by a ball, by two 'gentlemen,' under circumstances of great depravity and cruelty. Forcibly detained and bound on horseback, the two helpless young women were dragged from place to place for a period of five weeks. Ultimately they were rescued by friends, and the two abductors escaped to Wales. There, however, they were seized, brought to Ireland, tried, and condemned to death for the crime. As they had high connections, it was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Powerful intercession was made in their behalf—but Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinary large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns. "This sympathy with a couple of miscreants did not cease with their death. Instead of pitying the poor girls on whom a barbarous outrage had been committed, the people looked on them as the true offenders, and persecuted them with unrelenting violence. It is no doubt this singular illogicality of the Irish mind which sustains the impression, that the people are radically incurable in their conduct."

Passing over several chapters, we come to 'Prison Usages,' in which is presented a melancholy yet judicious picture of Irish prisons and their inmates sixty years since. "The most shocking exhibition of the utter laxity of all discipline and want of decency was exhibited in the manner in which condemned capital convicts were allowed to pass their last hours. When so many petty offences were punishable with death, and commitment on suspicion was so often the stepping-stone to the gallows, it was natural that, to the unfortunate felons themselves, an execution should be stripped of all the salutary terrors in which alone the utility of capital punishment consists, and should be by them regarded as an ordinary misfortune in the course of life. The numerous instances recorded by convicts, on the very verge of eternity, clearly show that this to have been so, not merely in Ireland, but in the sister kingdom. The practice of prisoners selling their bodies to surgeons, to be dissected after their execution, was common, we believe, to both countries; and the anecdote of the felon who took the money, and then told the surgeon, laughing, that 'it was a bit, for he was to be hung in chains,' we believe we can hardly claim as Irish wit. But there was one trait, evincing a similar careless indifference, which was peculiarly Irish. The coffins of condemned malefactors were usually sent to them, that the sight might suggest the immediate prospect of death, and excite corresponding feelings of solemn reflection and preparation for the awful event. From motives of humanity, the friends of the condemned were also allowed free intercourse with him during the brief space preceding his execution. The result was, that the coffin was converted to a use widely different from that intended. It was employed as a cradle, and the condemned wretch spent his last night in this world gambling on it." Our wonder at such scenes is lessened when we are told that at that period the school-books for ordinary use consisted of stories of robbers, murderers, and clever rapparees. The actions of lawless felons were held up as objects of interest and imitation; all sense of right and wrong was systematically confused. What a change for the better in the present National School system of Ireland!

We draw our notice of this interesting volume to a conclusion, by citing one more anecdote illustrative of past times. It relates to the habits of intemperance which universally prevailed. "An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, all he sunk under the table. In the morning, he was of course dead sick, but his host prescribed 'a hair of the dog'—that is, a glass of raw spirits. One night he contrived to steal through a back window, as soon as he was missed, the cry of 'stole away' was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but who, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed cat, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible, then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shaft of the cat before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the sensible survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day."

If a stranger on the road is anxious to have you for a companion, it is commonly a proof that his company is not worth having.

The Reward.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime
Sees not the spectre of his ransomed time;
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shrugs not at the thought of a terrible remorse?
Who would not cast
Half of his future from his lot, but to win
Wakeful oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil, which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servant all,
Are we away.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some emboding cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
O'er the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his work he never more
Can henceforth part.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that gazed,
The feet that trod
In fashions shone

Soft eyes upon—
Where, oh, where are all the eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sigh,
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail—
The plot that worked
A brother's hurt,

Where, oh, where are all the sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they that lived, wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
Who know not them,
Their graves are filled—
Yet Nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

The Convict's Daughter.

"I know all men have my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love:
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—
Make up to his fallen and desolate heart
The forfeited affection of his kind!"—MILKMAN.

The following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Albohy on the convict prisons of France:

"It is now some years, says this writer, 'since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favor of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look towards the building in which the rope-walkers were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognized her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gate-keeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Europe, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been his home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tienette was beloved, and Europe's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union."

"He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that his father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tienette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the father of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Europe had long resisted this wish of Tienette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Europe was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed."

"I took upon myself to interpret to him my wishes of Tienette. I told Europe that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tienette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtue of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Europe. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Europe listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tienette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps towards the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court, and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Europe and Tienette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Europe, whilst Tienette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his

sunburnt countenance. The turnkey who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good Sister of Charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonored name. Then stretching towards Tienette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Europe, who looked at it with a bewildered stare, whilst another rustled against the dress of Tienette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tienette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlet. The turnkey had, that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Europe, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tienette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Europe, 'The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing.' They then entered together the chapel of the Civil Hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village."

"Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honor a guilty father."

DECEASED GENTRY.—It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a laborer's son of that county was pressed into the wars; as I take it to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicestershire requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who, by his industry, maintained him and his mother. The Earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loth to tell, (as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to confess the truth,) at last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the Earl, "we cannot all be spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed!" So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honorable person, and gentry, I believe, in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surname and blood of Boltons, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, (though ignorant of their own extractions,) are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment with quiet and security.—Fuller's Worthies.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love infinitely more than in the favor of all human beings else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle more than in the hearing of flattery; in the reciprocity of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly-bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart more than in change of circumstance; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping for fortune's favor; in a growing taste for the beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentation, and therefore more display; in a hand-maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of four next door neighbors, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.—Martyria.

MARCELIN LAW.—The book of deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Doctor Heyward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much interest. Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her learned council, "Whether there were any treason contained in it?" Mr. Bacon intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion; that is any, but very much felony." The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, "How, and wherein?" Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."—Lord Bacon.

SOCIAL PLEASURES.—"The pleasures of a volatile head, says Mrs. Carter, are much less liable to disappointment, than those of a sensible heart." For such as can be contented with rattles and rare-shows, there are rattles and rare-shows in abundance to content them; and when one is broken it is mighty easily replaced by another. But pleasures arising from the endearments of social relations, and the delicate sensibilities of friendly affection are more limited; their objects inconvertible; they are accompanied with perpetual tender solicitude, and subject to accidents not to be repaired beneath the Sun. It is no wonder however that the joys of folly should have their completion in a world with which they are to end, while those of higher order must necessarily be incomplete in a world where they are only to begin.—The Doctor.

PARADOXICAL PEOPLE.—Those who have pushed their inquiries much farther than the common systems of their times, and have rendered familiar to their own minds the intermediate steps by which they have been led to their conclusions, are too apt to conceive other men to be in the same situation with themselves; and when they mean to instruct, are mortified to find that they are only regarded as paradoxical and visionary.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.—The deputies of the reformed religion, after the massacre that was upon St. Bartholomew's day, treated with the king and queen-mother, and some other of the council for a peace. Both sides were agreed upon the articles. The question was, upon the security of performances. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, "Why, is not the word of a King sufficient security?" One of the deputies answered, "No, by St. Bartholomew, Madam."—Lord Bacon.

To commiserate is sometimes more than to give; for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.

They who do not know themselves, know not how to spare themselves. The greater portion of our knowledge is the less portion of our ignorance.

WOMEN versus LADIES.—I address you in behalf of the proprieties of language—hoping that you will take play upon affection, and pinch it. The women and the men are all gone—only the feminine terminations are following them very fast. To supply their places we have ladies, always ladies. There are no authoresses, only lady-authors; and there are lady-friends, lady-cousins, lady-regents, &c. Do the women know that lady is derived from *laide*? It either is so—or will arrive at that. It will be one of the ugliest words in the language if it continue to be fearfully abused.

This affectation was at its height some fifteen or twenty years ago. It is a fact, that to an action brought in which plaintiff set forth that he had hired the whole of defendant's coach, but that when it was about to start a woman was inside without his consent, defendant pleaded, amongst other things, that the person described as a woman was in fact a lady. At that time, and for years afterwards, shocking to relate, there was no *seines* in the country. Look at any old newspaper, and you will see, "On the—th instant, in—street, the lady of—, Esq., of a daughter." It ought to have been *ladyson*, no daughter; and any gentleman ought to have called any other gentleman out if that other gentleman dared to speak of his *lady-brother* by the style and title of his *sister*. But matters have mended a good deal, men own their wives now in the newspapers. An honest Unitarian (or Tashitan, as we call it now, I believe) who came over here at the time I speak of, told his countrymen that the English whenever one of their children was born out of the fourth finger of their wives' left hands as an offering to a goddess called Fashion—but that the finger grew again in a jumble while. This was the only rendering his language would yield—which is very creditable to the Tashitan tongue, and shows that it puts things in their true light.

I am, myself, of the ancient school, which believes and maintains the true faith to be that all adult human creatures not being men are women; which declares openly that all women, be they ladies or not, are females—and all married females wives.—The same old-fashioned community asserts that our language has no adjective which can be substituted for *female*,—and that *womanly* and *feminine* are adjectives having men to whom they are applicable and women to whom they are not. It was one of the former—probably Fribble himself—who invented the term *ladyfriend*, and it would have been a good thing for the language if the first woman who heard it had been one of the latter and had kicked him for his pains. As to *authoress*, (meaning authoresses) I once got a book from one marked "from the author;" and I wondered to myself whether she meant to stand up for the old song—

Adam was the first man,
Eve was the first woman.

I wish the women would send the word *lady* back to its proper sphere. Something will be sure to happen if they do not. *Gentleman* was abused until it was shortened into *gent*;—and what a straight the gent is in just now!

Woman is a term of high honor;—it is a great pity that it may not be used in respect to any female whatever, were it from a beggar to a princess. Its corresponding Greek term, *gune*, is that by which slaves often address their mistresses in the Greek tragedy.

With our notions, the address of Christ to his mother beginning with the word *woman* appears disrespectful,—in the original it is exactly the reverse. Let women notice that with the term *lady* in our language, as used to supplant *woman*, arose the school of men which sneered at females of cultivated mind under the name of blue stockings. Search antiquity through time and space, from age to age, and from country to country, and it will be found that respect for knowledge in females is always co-existent with their designation under homely names. The word *lady*, generally used, ought to be odious as the product of a time in which women were taken to be necessarily frivolous. But when women were women, we have the account of an Apollonius who wrote a biography filled with no names but those of female philosophers. Nay, Suidas himself has preserved the name of a historian who wrote accounts of a large number of female Pythagoreans. Madame Dacier ought to have reminded her husband to mention this (which I cannot find that he has done) in his Life of Pythagoras,—for it shows that, in spite of all laws to the contrary, a whole book of women endured the silent system to which the followers of that sect were subjected. Nor are the accounts of these works at all unlikely, for Menage has collected the names of sixty-four women who had distinguished themselves in the schools of philosophy—with as much information about them as gives to one with another more than an octavo page a piece. Plutarch dedicated more than one work to women. Three empresses (and an empress was then only a woman) have distinguished the name of Eudocia by their literary acquirements. The last has left us (and in the dark eleventh century) the historical dictionary which is frequently quoted in support of, or opposition to, Suidas. A great deal more might be said to the same effect—but it would take up too much room. I hope all good women will leave *lady* to appear where it is properly wanted—and not continue to degrade their sex by speaking of it as a whole under a term which merely signifies a conventional distinction. If they will not, we must have a new translation of Genesis—and in it must appear 'gentleman and lady created He them.'—Athena.

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.—A progress in these must be accompanied by progressive changes in our social and political institutions. That they have not arrived at perfection, the slightest glance at the misery around us is all that is requisite to prove. The supposition that they will not be subject to changes, would imply either that while other kinds of knowledge are daily advancing, the science of social happiness was as complete as the nature of the subject allowed, and therefore susceptible of no improvement; or that the happiness of communities admitted of no addition, their misery of no diminution, from the most thorough insight into the various causes which produced them. The history of every country proves that a knowledge of these causes is one of the most difficult of acquisitions; that on no subject is man more easily deluded, less capable of extensive views, guilty of grosser mistakes, and yet more infatigably pertinacious of thinking himself infallible. Nor is there any subject on which the correction of an apparently small error has seemed with such important benefits to the world.—Pursuit of Truth.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain; the difference between false pleasures and true is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it—for the false, after you enjoy it.

CHRISTMAS.—"It was now verging to the season which, in Catholic Oxford, is called the Feast of the Nativity, but by Protestants England is still named Christmas—the season of pudding and pantomimes, mince-pies and madrigal sentiment, blue noses and red books. Now nursery tales were growing licentious, and the masters and mistresses of seminaries, the He-rods and She-herods of British infidelity, preparing to turn their innocent loose and wild upon the world. Now were malicious bachelors purchasing small drums and tiny trumpets, to present to the children of unfortunate married men. Now young ladies were busy exchanging pelagots and pin-cushions, beautiful books, and books of beauty, Olney Hymns and Chappone's Letters, with cases and boxes of twenty kinds. Now landlords were beginning to get trapped in provincial papers, for lowering rents that ought never to have been so high; and laboring men were about to be compensated for a year of hunger, with a single day of roast beef and plum-pudding. Folly, in a white waistcoat, was now quarrelling, as if it was a whit less difficult to turn a Modern Christmas into an ancient Yule, than to change a lump of sea-coal into a log of pine. Sensible people on the contrary, content to live in their own times, and not so ravished as Mr. Ovel with the ages of darkness, or the things thereof, were buttoning their coats, without a sign for the doubts of their fathers; going to and fro upon railroads, with a decided preference of speed and security to robbery and romance; nay, they were despatching or mediating hospitable messages to their friends, and preparing for the festivities of the season, without a thought of a boar's head, or a notion on the subject of medieval gastronomy."—The Bachelor of the Albany.

VALUE OF EXAMPLE.—The poor woman who, with scanty wardrobe, is ever neat and clean in her person, amid various and trying duties; is patient, gentle, and affectionate in her domestic relations; with small funds is economical and judicious in her household management—as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the least lessons in life—may be a greater benefactor of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she may scatter a tide of large fortune in alms. The poor woman, whose regularity and propriety of conduct co-operate with such a woman, and shows his fellow-workmen or townsmen what temperance, industry, manly tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation can effect in endearing a home, which, like the green spot that the traveler finds in the desert, is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet even amid the surrounding bitterness—such a man does good as well as the most eloquent speaker that ever spoke, and the most eloquent writer that ever wrote. If there were a few patriarchs of the people, women as well as men (if I may be excused for admitting the former to a patriarchy), their influence would soon be sensibly felt.—Mrs. Leman Grimstone.

KEEP TO YOUR CALLING.—Bishop Grosset, of Lincoln, told his brother, who asked him to make him a great man—"Brother," said he, "if your plough is broken, I'll mend it; if it is, or if an ox, I'll pay for another; but a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I